Cold Heat

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Cold Heat

by TigerPrawn

Summary

When Will still had encephalitis, Hannibal tricked the alpha into mating him. The years passed as they did and eventually Will dragged Hannibal over the bluff. Now Hannibal is in heat and needs Will’s knot. Only problem is, Will Graham died in the fall…

My first offering for the 2019 #SpookySlick fest

Notes

NB: I haven't tagged MCD because it's both temporary and necromancy and there is a happy ending. So technically there is no real MCD and I didn't want to put people off.

See the end of the work for more notes

Cold Heat

Hannibal looked out over the ocean and let out a deep breath. He had gasped in lungfuls of the chilled air that swept in from the Atlantic, hoping that it would cool him. But it didn't. His blood still hammered hot around his body, beating a pulse he could practically hear.

There was no getting around it, despite his mate having died when they plunged into the cold sea - the other side of the ocean he now stood beside - his heat had come.

It happened at times, depending when in ones cycle a mate died, often to prompt fertile omegas to take a new mate. But Hannibal was neither fertile nor intending to take another mate. There had been, and never would be, any alpha for him other than Will Graham.

The same alpha that had pulled him into the ocean and drowned whilst cruel fate had kept Hannibal alive. He had dragged Will to shore, and by the time he was certain that there really was no reviving him, it was too late to let the sea give him the same fate. He couldn't bear the chance of them being separated by the waves as he allowed his lungs to fill with the sting of salt water.

So Hannibal waited for Chiyoh and her boat, not accepting her help to get Will on board, not relinquishing his alpha. He had hoped they would leave in this way, hand in hand now that they could finally be together. Instead Hannibal carried him in the same manner he once had, bridal style as they left the Verger estate. But Will wasn't merely injured this time, he was gone and Hannibal's world was forever changed.

Six months had passed and his own body had healed, even if his heart and soul had not. He considered again whether he should leave the mortal plane to reunite with Will, but now he had a greater duty.

He cared for Will, lovingly preserving his body.

Chiyoh had called it madness, and perhaps she was right. But what else could he do? He couldn't bring himself to bury his mate, to move on from what they'd had. What they had barely begun to explore.

So instead he had treated Will's body, not allowing decomposition to claim him. Kept him beautiful and pristine in the basement of the safe house he now resided in. Overlooking the ocean like that one on the eroding bluff. A mirror of a life that might have been, perhaps? A room that was made to honour his lost love. A ghoulish shrine, Chiyoh had called it.

One of the last things she had said before she left.

But that might need to change.

He had never considered it worth the risk before, the calculations it would take to reanimate Will, would risk destroying his body if it didn’t work. And so Hannibal had erred on the side of caution, sleeping beside his silent love and ignoring the cold of his flesh.

And now heat coursed through him and his mental state was soon to diminish, it was now or never.

Hannibal, took another breath of the cold air, blowing it out burning hot before he started into the house.

*

Will gasped for breath.

He felt like he was choking. There was something in his throat and it took him a moment to realise it was the dead weight of his tongue. He tried to roll to cough but found his body heavy and sluggish. He could barely move.

He coughed again, his throat raw. Gasping for breath as his tongue moved and released his airway.

Will was shaking as he tried to catch his breath before finally managing to roll and dry heave over the side of the bed. There was nothing there to bring up and he realised he couldn’t remember the last time he’d eaten.

In fact, he couldn’t remember much of anything beyond pulling Hannibal over the cliff. Where was he and how had he gotten here?

He was cold. Naked under the blankets of the large bed he had woken in. The chill was deep in his bones.

The room was dark but for the glow of the moon through the open curtains, and everything was completely unfamiliar. He was in a bedroom, sparse but comfortable. It wasn't a hospital though, that much was clear. If anything, the decor reminded Will of something, somewhere, but he couldn't quite put his finger on it.

When he closed his eyes to try and focus on the memories that were just at the edge of his mind, there was nothing but a blank hole. No thoughts at all, complete silence in his mind, as though he were completely empty. His mind quiet where before he was sure it had always been frantically full.

The automatic sigh of relief that issued from him, ended in a near hysterical chuckle. And then more coughing and heaving as his vocal chords strained and hurt from disuse.

How long had he been out?

The last thing he could remember was…

Suddenly the image of the house on the bluff surfaced. Eclectic, eccentric. A very specific style. Just like…

Will looked around the oddly familiar room again.

"Hannibal," Will croaked the name.

*

Hannibal had spent years on the calculations, before he'd even met Will. Never realising that, whilst he was never able to bring Mischa back, it would one day be worth the mental and emotional labour of it.

He had first started these calculations when he was a child. But by the time he had them as perfected as he was sure they needed to be, Mischa had been dead too long. Many decades separated them and there was no bringing that teacup back together.

But Will? He had not been dead so long, and whilst Hannibal had spent many nights since their fall into the sea, adjusting his calculations, he had not dared it before. Caught between not wanting to rush and get wrong his one attempt, and not letting so much time pass as to make it impossible as it had been for Mischa. His rapidly descending heat had set the date by which he needed to do this.

He sat at the dining table, glass of ice water cooling his hands. Everything felt blinding and hot. He could only hope that his calculations had been correct, and wait and see. He had been waiting a day already, but was putting off having to think about when he might need to consider alternatives and accept it hadn't worked. A few more hours and the full weight of his heat would be upon him.

"Hannibal!"

His blood froze when he heard the cry.

Not the cry of a lover seeking his mate in heat, the cry of desperation and anger.

Will.

Hannibal moved so fast that he knocked over the glass of water, not caring that is spilled over the table and floor as he rushed from the room.

*

Will's whole body shook as the realisation hit him. He was in Hannibal’s clutches, his captive. What had the omega done to him?

He looked at his hands, the inhuman palor. The stiffness in all his joints. The way his heart beat so slowly as though not quite yet fully restarted. Even as he watched his hands his heartbeat quickened a little and colour slowly started to return to his extremities.

"Hannibal!" He screamed the name now, knowing this had to have something to do with him.

Will tried to get out of the bed and immediately fell to the ground, his legs too weak to hold him. He trembled with fear and anger. What had Hannibal done? Had he been drugged? Paralysed?

As if in answer, the omega appeared in the doorway, panting and wild eyed.

"Alpha…" Hannibal growled the word and Will shuddered.

*

By the time Hannibal reached the room, Will was on the floor, and his heat was over taking him. It took everything in him not to pin the alpha to the floor and take him.

Will must have realised that too, because he immediately commanded in an alphan tone, "Hannibal, no."

Hannibal paused, halfway across the room. Panting and waiting. Will's authority as his alpha would only hold him so long.

“What the fuck is going on? Where are we?” Will asked, struggling to cover himself with the blanket that had followed him from the bed.

"I'm in heat," Hannibal replied with what he considered the most pertinent information.

"Fuck…" Will let out a trembling breath. Clearly the alpha had known this from his scent, but having it voiced out loud seemed to increase the effect on him. Will took a breath and then turned a stern look on him. "No, Hannibal. I'm not going to mate you. You're going to have to deal with this yourself."

Hannibal blinked. An unexpected response. He knew his mate was strong willed but it was quite a feat to resist ones mate in heat.

"Your my alpha," Hannibal stated the obvious with a flat tone.

Will scoffed and looked as though he was going to attempt to stand but then thought better of it. Of course, it wouldn't do to show weakness at this point.

"We're not mates. I never intended… You manipulated me. You kept my encephalitis from me and induced my rut. I would never have bitten you, never have bonded with you if you hadn't taken advantage-"

Hannibal growled at the words, which stopped Will's words. "Yes Will, I set up the situation, but no one can make an alpha do something against their nature. Not even me." Hannibal snarled.

Will was right in his accusations, but the alpha would never have made them mates if that wasn't already something he wished. Hannibal had merely removed Will's inhibitions. Taken away his desire to deny their connection.

"I resent the accusation that you were forced to mate me, that it was against your will and you were powerless in the situation," Hannibal spat the words. His blood boiling all the more.

“I bet you do,” Will snapped. “I can’t imagine that anyone so skilled at manipulation enjoys being called on it.”

“I-” Hannibal went to protest but was stopped by the sharp pull in his abdomen. The ache of need that was becoming palpable as slick started to wet the tops of his thighs.

Despite his distress, Hannibal couldn’t help but feel validated when Will flinched, clearly trying to stop himself from going to the omega.

“Follow your instincts, Will.” Hannibal panted the words as he clutched his belly. “Ravage me as you did before. See me through my heat as I saw you through your rut.”

“You’re fucking unbelievable,” Will grunted. “You orchestrated that whole situation and now expect me to be taken as a fool twice? Where are we? What happened? You expect me to believe that you just so happened to go into heat the day I wake from, what a coma or something? How long was I out Hannibal? Did you check me every day and wait until I woke before inducing your heat? You sick fuck.”

Hannibal couldn’t help the small smile at Will’s anger. It only made him more aroused to see his mate so strong and full of fight, even after so long dead.

Certainly Will’s short lived departure hadn’t changed the man's nature. Hannibal was grateful for that, grateful to have his mate as he would hope him to be.

"Perhaps," Hannibal agreed. "But we are still mated. You still wanted me, then. Loved me, took me. Anything that has happened since then has only reaffirmed that between us. I love you Will. I ache for you. I ache in a way that only you can satisfy, alpha."

Will let out a groan and scrubbed a hand over his face. Hannibal understood why Will was still fighting this, but he also knew he would win. That much seemed clear by the way the blanket across Will's lap was tented.

"You're fucking impossible." Will spoke from behind the hand covering his face, as though trying to wish the situation away.

"I would expect nothing less of you than to choose a difficult omega." Hannibal mused as he stepped closer. He was hanging onto the very last of his composure.

Will dropped his hand and glarred again, "I didn't choose you Hannibal. I already told you that."

"Didn't you? Will, there is not an alpha on this planet - rut or no rut - that would mate someone they didn't want. Accounts of accidental bonding occur only in fiction, and often not very good fiction at

that. The sort of trite that I find it hard to believe would interest you." Hannibal confronted, slick starting to leak down his thighs and wet his pants as he moved.

"Hannibal…" Will warned as the omega grew nearer.

Hannibal let out a grunt as another wave of pain hit him. The intense ache and inner throb that would only be relieved by his alpha's knot, gripped him. He doubled over and then sank down as his legs gave way, ending in a crouch in front of Will.

“Alpha, please…” Hannibal begged, no compunction at all over begging in this situation.

“Fuck,” Will growled and looked away, brow creased as he clearly fought temptation. He took a deep breath before turning back to Hannibal and pulling the blanket off of his naked body.

*

He hated that Hannibal was right. So fucking right about everything.

Yes he had been tricked, but this wasn’t a crime thriller or a soap opera. He had meant it when he’d sunk his teeth into Hannibal’s scent gland and bonded them forever.

But somewhere along the lines he’d started to believe the rhetoric Jack Crawford had put out there. Protecting both himself, Will and the FBI. It was better all around if everyone believed that Will had been so out of his mind with the encephalitis that he couldn’t fight his baser instincts. Regardless of what any doctor or scientist might say.

And Jack had done a great job of convincing himself, not wanting to consider the alternative. So they had all played out the fiction. Will, Jack, Alana, the entire damn FBI. The press ate it up and Lounds did a ridiculous three page spread on it, which Will only saw once he was released from prison.

He didn’t believe for one minute that Freddie Lounds bought it, but she was out to write the story that was going to sell the most copies. The FBI agent so out of his mind that he mated a poor unsuspecting pillar of the community and well reputed therapist, oh and killed all those people. Sensationalism at it’s best and Will was the monster everyone believed him to be.

When he was released and life went on, it was old news and nobody cared. At least not until the truth was discovered about Hannibal and then the story was equally distorted.

Murder Husbands they were called. A mated pair of killers and perhaps Hannibal Lecter hadn’t been so passive in their mating after all. The story changed, and it was something they had both desired, no accident at all.

And whilst Will hated to admit it, there was truth in that.

There was truth in the ache that he felt too. The throb of his knot as he remembered what Hannibal felt like around his cock.

He shuddered and pulled the blanket behind him, bunching it up as a pillow and laying down until he was flat on his back. Too weak to remain upright.

“My legs,” He started. “I don’t know how long I was out. The muscles are...” Will started to explain but got no further.

He saw a flash of movement and then Hannibal was on top of him, straddling his hips as he leaned in and pressed a hard, hungry kiss to Will’s mouth.

*

Honestly, Hannibal wasn't sure if he'd have waited for Will's explicit consent, but he was glad he gave it. Because then everything changed.

He let himself go, let his instincts wash over him instead of holding them back, as he had been. And successfully too. He was as strong willed as Will, had as much self control, despite the stereotypical ideas about omegas.

He let go of his restraint the moment he realised he could.

"Alpha…" He panted the word at Will's flesh as he nuzzled his throat.

His skin was cold, a warmth barely there but radiating from his core. Will was slowly coming back to him and the timing couldn't be more perfect. "Will…" Another word on another breath.

Hannibal resisted sinking his teeth into the bonding mark he had placed there during Will's rut. It didn't feel right. He was neither alive nor dead in that moment and Hannibal's increasingly heat-addled brain was unsure how to process that.

"Fuck, Hannibal…" Will groaned, his hands going to Hannibal's ass and squeezing hard.

Hannibal whimpered, feeling more slick flow, soiling his pants completely. The ones that Will was now fighting to undo.

"I can't…" Will growled in frustration. "Why are my hands so stiff?"

Hannibal ignored the question and took over from Will. He leaned in and devoured Will's mouth again as he unbuttoned his fly. He was whimpering now, desperate and not caring what his alpha thought about that.

He needed to move to remove his trousers, but Will's hands went back to his ass and he ground up against him. He could feel Will's knot through his trousers, pressing against him in a way that made him even more desperate. Made every part of him clench as though trying to take it in and hold it within himself already.

Very quickly he was losing his remaining cognisance. Soon he would only be driven by instinct. Fortunate then, that Will took the opportunity to roll them, clearly an instinctive move that his body wasn't ready to make.

"Fuck," Will cried out, this time in clear pain as he moved. He ended up as a dead weight atop Hannibal, between the omega's legs.

Undeterred and losing control, Hannibal used the opportunity to rut against the alpha, determined and whimpering. Will settled after a moment, discomfort clear on his face he pushed himself up his hands and back onto shaky knees. Some feeling evidently having returned to his legs.

In his new position, Will made quick work of pulling off Hannibal trousers and underwear, revealing the omega to be hard and leaking.

At that sight, Will growled and surged forward, his legs holding long enough for him to tear Hannibal's shirt from him. Ripping it down to the seems and pulling it free as rags.

Hannibal felt his cock throb at Will's actions, the desperation for them to be one flesh again. As mates should be. Hannibal was desperate for it now too, singularly focused as he reached hands around Will's neck and pulled him back down.

Will cried out in a shock of pain at the sudden movement, and dropped his weight on top of Hannibal once again.

Hannibal let out a moan of delight at the press of his alpha pinning him. Will's pained groan morphed into one of responding pleasure as Hannibal's arms snaked around him. Legs too, leaving Hannibal clinging to Will, instinct telling him never to let his alpha go again, no matter the outcome.

He squirmed, driven to one thing now, trying to line them up. Another few wriggles under Will, and the alpha's rock hard cock was slotted against his asscheeks.

Hannibal whined with need, unable to speak, unable to direct Will. Even so, it was clear, Will had understood when he let out a grunt of frustration and shook his head.

"I can't move. Everything is so heavy, it hurts… Please Hannibal…"

Hannibal released Will and surged up, rolling him roughly onto his back again, and straddling him. Without hesitation he sank down onto Will's cock with a long moan of pleasure.

Will practically screamed, his body fragile and not ready for the punishing pace that Hannibal then set. Nonetheless, he didn't stop Hannibal. Merely continued to grunt and hiss with pain as his fingers grabbed clumsily at Hannibal's hips, holding on as the omega fucked himself.

"Alpha, alpha… Will…" Hannibal moaned, his own cock slapping up against his belly as he bounced up and down. Will's knot getting ever closer to sliding into his slick hole.

"Fuck… Hannibal, please come. Baby, please come…" Will babbled, his whole body lax but for his tightly gripping fingers digging into Hannibal's flesh.

"Knot me alpha," Hannibal replied as he took hold of his own cock and began to jerk it with such a harsh rhythm it was barely pleasurable. He just needed the release. After all this time, he needed Will's knot and their joint release.

More incoherent words fell from Will's mouth as he put his very little strength into his grip and began slamming Hannibal down on his cock. His knot getting ever further in before easing back out of the tight slick. On the fifth thrust Will cried and shook as his knot was enveloped completely inside Hannibal, locking immediately.

"Alpha!" Hannibal cried out, a sound of agonised bliss as he came all over his fist, all over Will's chest. Clenching tight around Will's knot until the alpha was coming too. They both emptied over and over. And when Hannibal had finished spilling his omegan seed, Will was still going. Pumping him so full his belly began to expand and finally quell that ache.

Will's hands moved to Hannibal's stomach with a groan, feeling where his seed might take root and create life.

In his rational mind, Hannibal knew he was past his fertile heats and unsure whether he'd ever want to raise a child. And the likelihood of Will still being fertile after having died, seemed slim. But in that moment, the thought of Will fathering a child on him, a part of Will that would always be with him, that they would create and nurture together, was overwhelming and just what his heat instincts told him should happen.

Hannibal came again, sudden and sharp, a cry sounding from deep within his throat as he did so. It splattered up Will's chest, only to be spread between them as Hannibal fell forward, no longer able to hold himself up.

He nuzzled into Will's neck, hummed his pleasure when Will did the same back.

They fell asleep on the floor, still tied together.

*

Will woke and grunted. Pain shooting through his stiff body.

They must have slept long enough for the sun to go down, the room now only illuminated by the glow of the moon through the open curtains.

He was cold from laying on the floor, though in truth he hadn't been warm since waking. The only thing keeping him warm now was Hannibal's burning hot body next to him.

They were both covered in dried come and sweat, that would require a soak in a long bath. But Will wasn't sure he could move. Something was definitely off.

There was something terrifying about not knowing how long he had been in a coma. From the level of atrophy in his muscles and stiffness in his joints, he had to guess it had been a long while. Leaving him with an unsettling feeling that Hannibal had done nothing to exercise and condition his body whilst he had been out. Had they been separated? Had Hannibal only just found him again? That would account for a lot - the lack of care to his body, the sudden onset of Hannibal's heat, induced or otherwise.

Will reached for the blanket still pillowed under his head, thinking to pull it over them, but he was too stiff and too cold. Hannibal stirred and moved, propping himself up and blinking at Will for a moment.

"I'm cold," Will said, hoping Hannibal would help do something about it.

Hannibal frowned. "You are?"

"Yes. I'm freezing. Can you help me into the bed? The floor is cold." Will reiterated.

"It is…" Hannibal agreed, thoughtful and distant. Yet another oddity that was making Will wonder what the hell was going on.

"Hannibal?" His name was stern and the omega's attention snapped back to the alpha. "Help me!"

Will tried to struggle, but even with Hannibal helping him, it was difficult to get to his feet. He had more feeling all over, but very little strength in his limbs. If Hannibal hadn't been so ridiculously strong, they wouldn't have managed to get him into the bed.

Will was breathless with the exertion by the time he lay back against the cold pillows, reaching for a blanket. Hannibal got in next to him and pulled the blankets up over him both, before wrapping his body around Will's. He was growing hotter again, the fever of his heat starting to return after the earlier sating. Will welcomed the heat but already felt exhausted at the thought of knotting the omega again.

He shook his head at the crazy thought. What kind of alpha felt this way during their mate's heat?

Will studied the ceiling as he let out a heavy sigh, "I haven't gone into rut. Usually a heat triggers rut… I… I think I'm sick Hannibal. Or is it because I just woke? I guess not many people wake from a coma and go straight to seeing an omega through heat."

He felt Hannibal still beside him, rigid for a moment before he relaxed again. But there was definitely a change in scent. Not fear, no Hannibal never feared anyone or anything. But something like it. Something more to do with Will - cautiousness. Cautious of upsetting him or losing him.

"Hannibal… what did you do? How long was I in a coma?" Will asked, his breathing shaky as he stared straight ahead.

"You died." Hannibal said plainly.

"And then?" Will asked, terrified of the answer. Will expected that Hannibal then revived him but the ordeal had left him unconscious. What else could he possibly mean?

"And then nothing. You were lost to me. Until I realised you weren't. I took the chance and brought you back to me." Hannibal pressed the words against his skin, and Will shuddered.

It shouldn't be arousing. He should be angry, but Hannibal's scent was heating again and he was already half hard in response.

"You… raised me from the dead." It wasn't a question and it was deeply incredulous in tone, but Hannibal replied to him anyway.

"I did."

"Because you wanted my knot for your heat," Will made the realisation aloud. Was that all they had ever been? He had thought for years on end that Hannibal was not capable of love, but then when Bedelia had confirmed it, he had allowed himself to…

The last thing he remembered was standing on the edge of the bluff, realising that he really did love Hannibal. That he couldn't live without him. And that meant…

He shut his eyes, trying not to consider what he'd done. And all of that for someone who just wanted his knot?

"I didn't remove your organs. Just in case a time came when I…"

"Gee, thanks Hannibal, very considerate," Will snapped the words with no little sarcasm.

Hannibal propped himself up on an elbow, taking hold of Will's jaw and forcing him to look at the omega.

"I didn't bring you back just for your knot," Hannibal replied in no uncertain terms.

"Why didn't you do this sooner?" Will demanded.

"I wasn't sure it would work. I'd have rather kept an effigy of you than nothing at all, but then I became desperate. Selfish enough to try."

"*Now* you're selfish," Will huffed a laugh. His chest hurt.

This was all so weird. All so… Hannibal.

“You’re cold?” Hannibal asked, and at first Will thought it was just his way of changing the conversation. He frowned and nodded.

“Of course I’m fucking cold. We’ve been laying on a cold floor. And I’m apparently dead. Or I was. Or reanimated. Whatever the fuck is happening.”

Hannibal let out a shuddering breath, his scent becoming richer by the moment, fever descending to the point that it was beginning to slacken the omega’s expression.

“Hannibal?”

“If you can feel…” He put his hand over Will’s chest.

Will realised that his heart was now near a normal beat. Not quite as quick as it should be, especially for being next to Hannibal’s delicious scent. But faster than it had been before. More alive.

“You… thought I would be dead still, just animated but still a corpse.” Will realised.

“Will… I…” Hannibal’s words trailed off and he shuddered. His scent filled the air, a thick musk all around them.

Having a care not to dislodge the blankets, Hannibal moved, swinging a leg over Will and straddling him once more.

Unlike before when his hardness had been there regardless of anything else, Will felt the blood rushing south this time. Warming him at every point of contact between Hannibal and himself. He felt the hot blood filling his cock and groaned at the sensation.

Hannibal responded with a whimper, moving again until he was slotted perfectly against Will, sliding down until Will pressed inside him once more.

Hannibal cupped Will’s face in his hands and kissed him long and slow. A pace reflected in his movements. Will groaned, wrapping his arms around Hannibal and rocking with him, feeling a little more strength, a little more feeling.

And then tears.

The drop of wet tears against his skin, surprised Will. When he tried to push Hannibal back to see what was wrong, the omega just clung tighter to him, rode him harder.

“Mine…” Hannibal’s growl was barely audible. He repeated it louder, against Will’s skin. Setting a slow but demanding rhythm on the alpha’s cock, edging closer and closer to climax as he sank onto Will’s knot.

Moisture soaked Will's neck as Hannibal's tears silently flowed.

"Yours," Will moaned, as he spilled inside his mate.

*

The sun was up when Hannibal stirred again.

He was somewhat grateful his fertile heats were behind him. Back then he would have been insatiable, they would have mated for hours and not stopped for food for days. If he didn't conceive his heat might have lasted more than five days.

Now though, his body was just going through the motions. A sating that he needed, but not so desperately. A day or two of regular, but not constant knotting, was all that was required.

As the sun streamed through the open curtains, replacing the moonlight they had made love under time and again throughout the night, the world seemed a different place.

Of course, it had always been more interesting with Will in it.

The alpha stirred and stretched, the movement waking him fully as it clearly pained.

"Better than it was…" Will muttered sleepily.

Will's body was warm to the touch now, and when Hannibal rested his head on his alpha's chest, he could hear the strong and regular heartbeat. He could feel the natural pull of breaths.

"You're warmer too. Your heart is beating normally." Hannibal encouraged, keeping his head on Will's chest and delighting when fingers thread clumsily into his hair. "Your motor control and muscle strength will return."

Will laughed, "Speaking from your vast experience of raising the dead? I thought your skills were more focused on *creating* the dead."

There was a bitter note to Will's words that Hannibal had known would always be there if they had run off together, or both survived the fall. He had long ago made the decision to ignore it, long before he had ever even heard it. No good would come from challenging something that Will was only just comfortable to overlook in order to accept what was between them.

So Hannibal merely hummed, a noncommittal sound, and continued softly.

"I wasn't sure this would be permanent. I… wasn't sure you'd be more than a reanimated cadaver."

"Christ, Hannibal!" Will sounded pained at hearing the confession to something he'd already worked out.

He felt Will scrub a hand over his face without having to look at the alpha.

"You'd have fucked me like that too, huh. Why didn't you just use my cadaver and save the trouble?"

Hannibal frowned. The tone in Will's voice was such a tumultuous mess of humour and hatred that he had no idea how to broach a response. Other than to be completely blunt.

“I… considered it.”

“Fuck!”

He felt movement and knew that were Will in better shape, he’d have removed himself from the bed. As it was he was barely able to move enough to disturb Hannibal’s press against him.

“But, it would have been impractical. Only blood flow would allow a knotting and so-”

“Please stop! You’re just making this so much worse,” Will’s voice thinned, as though on the verge of hysteria, one way or the other.

Hannibal took in a deep breath and let out an equally long sigh, as he stroked his fingers over the now healthy looking flesh under him.

“It wouldn’t have been the same. I needed my mate. If I had been willing to settle for your cadaver, I might as well have used a knotting dildo. I wanted you. I want you. I needed the world to give you back to me and found a way to ensure that it did.”

“Playing God,” Will grumbled.

Will then let out a sigh of his own and his arms circled Hannibal, pulling them tighter against each other. The next breath was against Hannibal’s hair, before Will laid a kiss there.

“You’re such a weirdo,” Will muttered against Hannibal’s hair.

Hannibal’s mouth twitched up into a grin, “I’ve been called worse.”

“Usually all true, I should imagine.”

Will let out a deeper sigh then, one that sounded as though it ended in relief. This mood from his alpha made Hannibal relax enough that he felt the fever creeping back again.

It would seem his heat wasn’t quite over.

“So, what do we do now?” Will asked. “What if I stop getting better? What if my heart stops beating and I just go back to being a corpse, in whatever freakshow you managed to assemble here?”

There was a hint of knowing humour in Will words, and Hannibal was glad of that.

“We must live every day, as though it is our last,” Hannibal said, never more serious about anything in his entire life, as cliche as it might sound. “Live it without fear.”

“Mmm,” Will hummed and began pressing kisses to the top of Hannibal’s head, as his slightly less clumsy fingers stroked over the omega’s heating skin.

“Will, before I met you I was the happiest I had ever been, because I feared nothing. With nothing to fear there is nothing to lose, no cause for sadness. And then I met you, and then I lost you.” His words were filled with passion, but slightly slurred as the fever began to increase.

The scent of Hannibal’s arousal started to fill the air once more, Will’s own responding arousal obvious in the tented blankets.

Before Hannibal had chance to move, Will did. Rolling them until Hannibal was under him, with barely a wince. Hannibal's heart raced at the thought of Will regaining his strength. As much as he'd enjoyed riding the alpha, he wanted a partner. He wanted participation.

Will nuzzled against him as he slowly maneuvered between Hannibal's legs, the omega spreading them willingly.

"Hannibal?" Will panted his name, pulling himself up so that his cock pressed against Hannibal's entrance. Tantalisingly close to what it was the omega needed.

Hannibal swallowed and then replied, equally breathless, "Yes?"

"If I die, again, you have my permission to fuck my cadaver," Will chuckled against Hannibal's skin, now dampening with sweat.

Hannibal couldn't help the almost boyish laugh that bubbled up within him.

"Noted," He replied.

Will pushed inside him as they clung tight to each other, as they once had on the top of the bluff.

A Few Months Earlier.

Chapter Summary

A few months earlier, Hannibal is desperate.

Chapter Notes

Flashback! pre-heat, Necrophilia. I cannot stress this enough - Hannibal uses Will's corpse in a sexual manner. That said, it's still kinda not awful? Like... his heart is in the right place? YMMV.

“I wasn’t sure this would be permanent. I… wasn’t sure you’d be more than a reanimated cadaver.”

“Christ, Hannibal!” Will sounded pained at hearing the confession to something he’d already worked out.

He felt Will scrub a hand over his face without having to look at the alpha.

“You’d have fucked me like that too, huh. Why didn’t you just use my cadaver and save the trouble?”

Hannibal frowned. The tone in Will’s voice was such a tumultuous mess of humour and hatred that he had no idea how to broach a response. Other than to be completely blunt.

“I… considered it.”

I considered it…

Considered if it was possible. Put a theory to the test...

*

Chiyoh was gone.

Hannibal couldn’t blame her but it had been a sad end to their alliance. Her debt was repaid, they owed each other nothing. And she didn’t want to stay and witness what she felt Hannibal was becoming, had become.

The madness he had sunk to.

If she only understood it all and saw things the way he did, she’d know it wasn’t madness at all. There was nothing insane about keeping ones mate on ice, if you knew it might only be temporary.

He considered it daily, the idea of attempting to revive Will. He had tweaked the equations and the science of it seemed correct. He just knew that risking it and failing would mean being left with nothing of Will at all. So he waited and waited, resigning himself to a life with his mate's body as companion. It wasn't worth the risk, despite daily going back and forth on the idea.

He considered now and then, sitting Will up at the dinner table, or perhaps at the chess board in the study. To make a real companion of him. But he didn't want to risk his body, and so settled for keeping Will, cool and preserved in his beauty, in the refrigerated basement.

Will was perfectly comfortable there, laid out on a chilled slab, fresh flowers adorning him. Sometimes Hannibal liked to make him up like a painting, but nothing could really compare to the natural work of art that the alpha was.

Nonetheless, he was sure Will found enjoyment in this little frivolity.

The first time he had slept beside Will was after a few days of sleepless nights and memories of Mischa. Facing the anger of his little sister, that she had not been brought back by the same calculations that he now refused to use on Will whilst he had the chance. Whilst he was still fresh enough.

In an effort to convince himself, and Mischa, that having Will as he was was the best course of action, he had moved Will enough to lay on the slab next to him.

It was cold but he didn't dare turn off the refrigeration, instead just making a bed there of thick blankets, one of which he slung across himself and Will. A tableau of them sharing a bed.

Hannibal sleeping next to Will became a regular occurrence.

And it wasn't long before Hannibal craved more from the proximity of his mate.

The first time Hannibal climaxed next to Will's corpse, it had been remarkably fast. The matter of just a few strokes. He had been steadily leaking slick at the idea almost the whole day, knowing what he was going to do.

When the sun went down and he lay naked in the blankets next to his mate, it had taken barely the touch of his own hand before he was spilling his omegan seed all over himself and the blankets. Hannibal had fallen into a soundless sleep, waking the next morning curled around Will, his come and slick sticking to both of them.

He had cleaned Will reverently with a damp cloth, all the while he tried to ignore how hard he was, how wet. How much he wanted to come again with Will. And again.

It took him a few tries to get up the nerve to use more than his own hand. In truth, it was also a case of getting up the restraint, as each time he came so quickly there wasn't much other option available.

After a few attempts, Hannibal was able to delay himself bit by bit. And, eventually, he used Will's hand.

It was little effort to lie side by side and curl Will's hand into a fist, to push his omegan cock into the tight tunnel of it and manipulate the cold flesh until he came, screaming Will's name. It had taken him a few attempts before this lasted more than a few strokes.

Hannibal had felt the first symptoms that he might be going into preheat on a stormy day. He knew it was likely a false alarm. If he was going to go into spontaneous heat over the death of his mate it would have happened much sooner. And although his heat would have otherwise been due soon, the lack of spontaneous heat after the death of mate meant that it was unlikely he'd have another at all in a while. Possibly never given his age.

He knew well enough as a physician, that the omegan body was a veritable wonder. And what was usual for the many didn't always make it so for the individual. Hormones and instincts were - like Will - unpredictable things, and a variety of life experiences could change them and alter everything from an omega's scent to their cycle.

Given everything that had happened, Hannibal was certain this was just a false pre-heat and in three to four weeks when his heat should descend, nothing would come to pass.

Despite this, his pre-heat got Hannibal thinking.

It meant that he was producing more slick, starting to want to nest, his chest became a little tender, and his libido had increased. All things that would normally culminate in a heat of course, making him ready for breeding.

Hannibal couldn't help but wonder what it would like to be with Will during a heat. Perhaps if they did return with time, it was something he should test out now, whilst slick and well conditioned for breeding.

So Hannibal nested, by creating a more homely arrangement of his blankets on Will's slab.

And he tested the potential of his mate to remain erect and ready for him. Unfortunately this wasn't something covered in his medical training, so trying to pump, prop or splint Will up to hardness all ended in failure.

There was just no way he was able to ride Will as he had done when his mate was living.

Hannibal didn't intend to be put off by this. He took to sleeping every night next to Will, letting his mate's hand bring him to climax, at the very least. On more than one occasion, Hannibal attempted to mount Will's face.

He had never penetrated Will when they had been together, but despite being an omega it was something he was neither averse to, or a novice at. He'd had several flings with omegas, betas and even one alpha, where the preference had been for him to top.

And Will's mouth was so perfect.

He came inside it even without the sucking and licking that he thought he'd need to bring him off. Sadly, he then also had to clean Will's mouth and throat very carefully. As the alternative was to leave his come there, given that his mate couldn't swallow it.

From then on, he'd used a crude covering of clingfilm to capture his seed, given that the cleaning process had been both tedious and arduous.

Penetrating Will anally was a fleeting thought after that. He considered the mess, whether he spilled inside Will or pulled out. He considered the preparations it might take and still not be successful, and so that, Hannibal decided, was ruled out.

Besides, Hannibal still couldn't get his mind and instincts away from being penetrated by Will.

His first option sated him the first three times - straddling Will whilst fucking himself on a knotting dildo. He could almost pretend that it was Will, as he kissed and nipped at his mate's slack mouth.

It might have been satisfying, had Will not fucked him senseless several days on end whilst the alpha was in rut. If Hannibal hadn't memorised the exact sensation of Will's cock and knot within him, and dedicated a very large room in his memory palace to it.

Anything but Will's real member was just a pale comparison.

Which also immediately dismissed the idea of bringing a stranger here to fuck him whilst he lay over Will's corpse. Of course that would have also provided dinner, but the thought of having anyone but his bonded mate inside him, made Hannibal enraged to the point of losing his erection altogether.

In the end, inspiration struck whilst Hannibal was riding his dildo and trying to use Will's hand to caress his ass. He slipped and the movement meant that, almost like fate, Will's hand dislodged the dildo.

Hannibal gripped it back within himself with his inner muscles, but not before Will's fingers had stroked against where it was joined with him. The sensation causing Hannibal to come immediately before even working the knot in.

He trembled and slumped on top of Will, gripping the alpha tight and letting the dildo slide out of him and roll to the floor with a wet thud. Too lost in possibilities to care, Hannibal fell asleep against his alpha, shaking with anticipation.

The next day, Hannibal took time to woo Will. Whispering sweet nothings to him and petting at his hair. Lacing gentle nips and kisses along his mating scar. All the while, achingly hard, thinking of what was to come.

He grew more slick than he could ever remember being before, as he moved worshipfully down Will's body, trailing kisses. Eventually taking Will soft cock into his mouth and sucking, licking. Making love to his alpha with his mouth and wishing that it would cause the reaction he sought.

Of course, it didn't, but Hannibal knew this would all be down to the power of imagination. Something he sought to borrow from his lover.

He was already hearing Will's whispers in his head, telling Hannibal what a good omega he was, how he was going to fill him and breed him.

Hannibal was a groaning mess by the time his shaking hands posed Will's hand. Three fingers for now, but Hannibal considered he might take more in the future.

As it was he was as gentle as possible, not wanting to snap the fragile digits as he sank onto them.

Hannibal groaned, long and deep. Tears stinging the corners of his eyes.

Will's fingers felt familiar and heavenly, posed as they were just over Will's crotch. With three of them, he could almost imagine it was Will's cock inside him. But even the thought of Will finger fucking him to completion, was enough to have tears streaming down Hannibal's face.

“Please, alpha,” Hannibal’s pitched whine echoing around the cold basement.

In the echo he imagined he hurt Will’s responding grunt, growl and words of affection.

Gently at first, Hannibal began to rock on Will’s fingers, using one of his own hands to hold Will’s in place.

“Alpha,” He panted, tears rolling down his face and landing with tiny droplet sounds as he fucked himself on Will’s fingers.

Without a knot, it became increasingly difficult to imagine this was Will’s cock, but to have any part of Will inside him was bliss. And it was probably for the best that Hannibal came quickly, a sobbing mess and full of love for his mate. Because if he had ridden harder and longer, he really might have damaged Will’s precious digits.

Hannibal fell asleep curled around his lover, once more. Sated in a way he hadn’t been in months. But when he woke, it hardly felt like enough.

At first he had mistaken the craving for enthusiasm for more, but as his stomach cramped for just a moment, reality descended. Hannibal really was going into heat. This wasn’t a false pre-heat, this wasn’t going to come to nothing. This was in fact going to end with Hannibal facing his heat alone.

Unless.

There was no way that Will could satisfy his heat whilst dead, but if Hannibal was able to revive him?

Since he had renewed his intimacy with his mate, Hannibal had stopped thinking about reviving Will, about the equation and if it could work. Whether it was worth the risk of losing Will altogether.

As another cramp double Hannibal over, he knew this was fate. This was the world telling him it was time to play God, at least this one more time, and bring Will back.

He lovingly prepared Will. Determinedly performed the science, and tried not to doubt himself. Will would come back to him. He needed his alpha. He always had, he always would. And now that need was real and palpable and marked by the ongoing secretion of slick between his legs.

The realisation hit Hannibal the moment he laid Will in the bedroom, a place where he would either wake, or perish: He hadn’t gone into spontaneous heat on Will’s death, because he had never truly accepted that death. To the extent that he had even kept his mate as a companion, despite the lack of blood flow, breath or heartbeat.

And in all likelihood, being intimate with Will in the ways that he had, had confused Hannibal's hormones and instincts. His body, despite no longer being fertile, still wanted the mate that it hadn’t accepted as dead. In part because that mate had still been making Hannibal come on an increasingly regular basis.

Hannibal looked down at Will’s prone form, not sure if he was imagining the slightest tinge of colour at the man’s cheeks. Perhaps it was just wishful thinking.

He’d go down to the kitchen and prepare himself some tea. And resolve not to tell Will, if he did revive, every little detail of the last few months. There were some things Will, cranky as he could be, was probably better off not knowing.

End Notes

Come on back on the 31st October for the bonus chapter - "Chapter Two - A Few Months Earlier."

“You’d have fucked me like that too, huh. Why didn’t you just use my cadaver and save the trouble?”

Hannibal frowned. The tone in Will’s voice was such a tumultuous mess of humour and hatred that he had no idea how to broach a response. Other than to be completely blunt.

“I… considered it.”

Spoiler: Hannibal did more than just consider using Will's corpse during his pre-heat...

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